

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT;

BY JOHN LAUDERDALE.

EDINBURGH;

Printed for the Author, by J. Robertson, No. 4, Horse-wynd.

1796.

COLLECTION
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BY JOHN LADDERDALE



TO THE PUBLIC.

NEVER did a Collection of Poems, stand in more need of an Apology to the Public, than mine. To my Friends and Acquaintance, I am under little necessity to make any, as it is well known to them, the disadvantages I have always laboured under; but much is due to the Public.

If the few Poems, which I have now the boldness to usher into print, have the least degree of merit, let it be attributed to the real source from which it flows, PURE NATURE. Education I never received; for Poverty, the bane of most Poets, distinguished me very early; and Folly, as I have afterwards described, was my constant and inseparable attendant. Although it was observed by many, that I had a genius capable of cultivation, yet my Friends, at least such of them as were of circumstances, took no notice of me. To serve the stranger, therefore, was early my lot—but let it be ground of encouragement to others that are so situated. After some time, when seeing my fellows amusing themselves with books at leisure hours, shame struck me in the face, and I resolved to make an attempt yet to learn; which I did mostly alone for a considerable time, and, as emulation is a noble strife, by paying an unobserved strick at-

tention with both eye and ear, I succeeded so far, as to show the fruits of my industry, among some private friends; and by perseverance have come the length to be encouraged to show myself in print.

As this is the real situation of the Author, I flatter myself, whoever reads this small Collection, will be candid enough to forgive all errors. Before I finish this apology to the Public, I find myself under the necessity to make another to my numerous Subscribers, who have been so kind as to encourage my Work: I meant at first to have given a list of their names, but those having now amounted to three times more than my most sanguine expectations could have formed, and which are daily increasing, I flatter myself they will pardon my omitting it, and particularly as I have added many more pieces to the Collection.

KIRKINNER PARISH, }
Near Wigtown, }
GALLOWAY. }

JOHN LAUDERDALE.

THE

AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

MY Reader's all, I advertise ye,
I fear my Warks, they winna please ye ;
Except ye in commiseration,
Pity my scanty education ;
My mind and means, they frae my birth,
Ran lang, exactly head an' girth ;
My frien's, the maist o' them I kent yet,
Seem'd wi' my manners just contentet :
But for the side that own'd my name,
On me they never laid a claim
Before a court, or congregation,
For truly, I was nae temptation.
My pedigree was whyles disputed,
And I can tell you this about it,
I shaw'd mysel o' gentle bluid,
I was na auld, till I was lewd ;
An further, to assert my claim,
Ye wadna find me aft at hame,

A

Another mark o' them distinct—
 And hark ye ! if the love o' drink
 Cou'd prove my title deeds and charter,
 I might hae wore a star and garter.
 Yet though my income was but wee,
 O' factors, I at least kept three
 To do my business, late an' soon,
 Their names were, Folly—Fancy—Fun ;
 And even yet, though past my best,
 To tear a lady frae her glafs,
 Or wrest a lawyer o' his fee,
 It's just like parting them and me.
 An' if ye kent, its nae great won'er,
 That we are now so laith to fin'er ;
 Near fifty years full true companions,
 Aft pincht o' room in thir dominions,
 I slept in barracks, and on board,
 And wore a while a bonnie sword,
 When Britons wad a thought disgrace,
 To hae the crack, to win the race.
 Yet gat my leave, as use and wont,
 To steal, or hang, or work, or want ;
 Yet though my head was vera giddy,
 I cou'd na think upo' the woody ;
 And so I made attempt to toil,
 Till owre my brow, the sweat did oil,
 My hands they blister'd, bled, and gagged,
 A fear'd in faith, I must a begged ;

An what did maist increase my canker,
 By this time I was fast at anchor,
 My Mary, sometimes, curs'd her fate,
 At ither times, sat down an' grat;
 How to behave I scarce cou'd tell,
 My mind was neebour groun' to h—l.
 At length thinks I, it is a shame
 To leave her wi' a muckle wame,
 That anger'd a' her near relations,
 Wi' my decoys and imprecations;
 So in the middle o' my dump,
 I, into buifness, made a jump,
 And chear'd mysel up wi' a fang,
 So after that there nought gaed wrang.
 I wrought without, I wrought within
 At every thing, except to spin;
 And aye fin syne, we liv'd the gither,
 Now she's eleven times a mither:
 Of which there is alive now eight,
 A' found o' win', an' limb, an' tight;
 Which maks me very near as proud,
 As boasting o' a spurious brood.

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS.

AN

ADDRESS TO SCOTLAND.

EMPLOY'D with pen and ink, to fight
For thee auld Scotia, and thy right ;
 Just now, the Poet's model,
Altho' sprung up frae gued forebears,
Just rent, an' torn, an' worn in years,
 Thought hardly worth a bodle.
Yet dinna think auld Scotia dear,
 Tho' now I wipe my face,
And drop the heart-felt friendly tear
 I think the least disgrace.
 To 'dite an' to write,
 To scribble an' to blot ;
Then dight it, an' write it,
 An' shew myself a Scot.

Tho' bystart born, that's nought to me,

Is it a sample o' the sea?

Or filly change o' clime?

Or shaping o' a body's tongue?

When that they are but very young;

That can advance a crime?

The bonnie plaid my gutchers wore,

The sword, the shield, the lance;

And wading thro' the fields o' gore,

Full freely took their chance,

At fell-down, pell-mell,

Na' Cutcher's they were nane;

When slain on the plain,

They lay nae aft their lane.

Our Bow-kale then, a-yont the Tweed,

We planted without fear or dread;

As Bowes an' Brough can tell,

While we the castles kept secure,

We graz'd our ewes upon Stainmuir,

And likewise Pen'rith Fell.

But ony fear o' an assault,

Frae brows o' bold ambition;

A pipe, then playing up a lilt,

Was better than petition.

In volumes o' vellum,

And thousand signatures,

Esteemed, and deemed,

Just now as idle clatters.

THE
GALLOWAY FARMERS SONG.

How canty is the farmers life,
If fou o' care, he's free frae strife,
 Wi' plenty o' guid peat
To mak his fire, to brew, to bake,
To warm his fingers, gif they ache;
 To roast or boil his meat.

His harvest in, his grain well fold,
His beer well brew'd, his gain well told,
 Will gar him raise his voice;
His horses strong, his pleugh at wark,
His flails a' going wi' a jerk,
 To mak his heart rejoice.

How can men say that times are bad?
They surely must be reckoned mad,
 When barley's fifty-five!*

Our rents are low, an' cattle dear,
Four pounds a head, a year auld steer,
 How can he miss but thrive.

This blessed war, begun by Pitt,
We farmers hope, he'll near submit
 But feight it out fu' frisky;

* Twelve Bushels.

And if frae hame he'll sow dissensions
 Among the Chouans, and Conventions,
 We'll drink his health in whiskey.

ON RURAL LIFE.

My gentle Readers, pray excuse
 Those borrow'd notes, from a superior Muse.

To sing the pleasures of his happy lot,
 Whose habitation is the rural cot;
 Where healthful breezes bless the blooming plains,
 And solitude, instructs the gentle swains.
 There cheerful toil makes hope to join the spray,
 And with the lark, to praise the infant day;
 The waves of tumult, break not on his bounds,
 From roaring guns with dire alarming sounds,
 In peace, he leads a quiet life, unknown
 To disappointment, or a hope o'ergrown;
 Feasts on content, and plys industrious skill,
 Whilst bounteous nature does his table fill,
 The silver showers in spring, enrich his soil,
 And winter's frost, do molify his toil,
 His kine, luxuriant in the valley feasts,
 His fleecy lambkins frisk in sportive jests;
 The winged merchants, dress'd in golden weeds,
 They bring him nectar from the flow'ry meads,
 Here, honest truth doth lodge, plain innocence,
 Unfollied beauty in meridian glance;

Patient in labour, easy to suffice,
 Health uncorrupted by the snares of vice.
 His guiltless breast, he leans beneath the shed,
 Or throws at length along the verdant mead,
 Where soaring sonnets sweetly soothe his care,
 From vocal concerts—charming to the ear.
 The murmuring streams their constant tune do keep,
 Whilst Phœbus' beams deludeth him to sleep:
 Or, if to rest in meditation's shade,
 Shou'd be his choice—his peace is undismay'd:—
 Let others run the risk for love of gain,
 And time uncertain, beat the boist'rous main;
 Let such as thirst for avaricious store,
 Go plunge their arm deep into human gore;
 Regardless, of the widow's woes or wants,
 The virgin's cries, or orphan's sad complaints:
 Let some, far distant from their native home,
 Urg'd on by want, or cruel avarice roam
 To find out lands, whose sun doth ever glance,
 Without regard to fortune, time, or chance;
 Let some, through cities stride with steps that's
 By legal outrage, or establish'd wrong, [strong,
 The social sense despise and sow discord,
 Mad into tumult, the seditious hord;
 Or melt them down to slavery or woe,
 Ensnare the wretched in the toils of law;
 Foment discord, and turn right to wrong,
 And spit their venom with enamel'd tongue.

Delude by pomp, and ruin with intrigue,
 Like Joab kifs, and kill in guileful league;
 Seduce the simple, by a sumptuous feast
 In Freedom's-hall, yet never let them taste;
 Enthral a nation under heavy chains,
 Till ne'er a hope for their relief remains.
 Whilst he, from all those storms of passion free,
 That restless men involve, does hear and see
 Still far from him, the human tempest rage,
 Wrapt up in conscious peace, he views the stage;
 Sees kings in fetters, stars and garters torn;
 Nations enflam'd, and lofty states to mourn.
 These move not him who from the impious crowd,
 Retreated has to blessed solitude;
 To *nature's* voice he hearkens all the year,
 Her sweet emotions still his spirits cheer:
 With admiration views her every dress,
 Whether the frown, the flow'r, or snowy face;
 Marks early sprouts, and sucks the healthful gale,
 Her genial hours o'er all his soul prevail
 And full enjoys; and not a beauty blooms,
 Nor plant can bud, but breathes to him perfumes.
 Great nature's works he views, as they go roun'
 The vigorous year, and careful marks them down.
 When autumn's golden glitter earth does gild,
 And calls the sharpen'd sickle to the field;
 Joy universal every eye doth glad,
 And hearts exulting, they the plains invade.

Hope animating vigour, to exert,
 And duty calling each one to his part.
 With frugal care the plowman moves along,
 And with his eye, presents aloft his song.
 He unperceiv'd, the bounteous hand doth kifs;
 Even winter storms to him affordeth blefs.
 The panic strokes that slavish souls alarm,
 Teach him to know the Omni-potent arm.
 And when the sun far south, is shining bright,
 His friend, or book, decoy the winter's night;
 Wherein he views the manners of the times,
 And various produce of the distant climes.
 The partner of his life he views with smiles,
 And looks of cordial love, the time beguiles;
 His little prattlers round he oft doth kifs,
 The darling produce of their mutual blifs;
 His days in peace and consolation's spent,
 Exil'd by fate, from gloomy discontent.

A LETTER TO MR. S—H,

*About an Agreement for cutting the Mill Lead
 through the Rock at Mill Driggan.*

Now, honour'd Sir, atween us twa,
 Left, it may after, breed a thraw,
 Supposing, that we live to see,
 I mean yerfel, and worthless me;

The Lead cut out, as it's intended,
 Tho' ablins yet, Lord Daer may mend it,
 And give it a bit sweeter turn
 Before the wheel, obey the burn.
 But though it gangs, just by the holes
 That's marked out, to Jonny Doualls.
 The auld kail yard, yer servant Jock,
 Does hope, ye'll mak it a' a rock ;
 For though there may, amang the knows
 Be roots, an bit's o' hard-bound howes,
 We'll need them a', that there will happen,
 To help us sometimes to a chappen ;
 Or to a scrimpit, whisky jill,
 To warm our heart, an' kindle skill ;
 But when we come, acrofs the road,
 Whare ane can dig, a twa-inch sod ;
 To measure that, I am as willing,
 As I wad be, to drink a shilling.
 An so conclude, and never fail,
 To be your servant, Lauderdale.

 W R O T E

 UPON A SABBATH MORNING.

WHILE strong temptations, doth my sense inthral,
 And makes me drink, the wormwood, and the gall,
 'Till sore affliction, all my intellects
 Almost convulse ; to think of my defects ;

Conviction mustering up, my hostile foes,
 And conscience striking, unrelenting blows,
 Whilst grim despair, with meagre visage stands,
 Quick to devour—if he cou'd burst his bands,
 And must I thus, exposed to the front,
 Of all my foes ; be daily in the brunt,
 And heat of action ; opposite the guns,
 Of Satan's wrath ; at war, with Adam's Sons ?

Yet why shou'd we, with faint compliance yield,
 And leave the foe, triumphant on the field,
 Though oft assaulted, wounded, often beat,
 'Tis certain death, in founding a retreat.
 The cause is good, the conflict may be done,
 Before high noon, or setting of the Sun ;
 The gloomy silence, of the midnight hour,
 May call us home : our days are like a flower,
 Life, like the motion, of a stream may be,
 Compar'd, to ocean of Eternity.
 So, let me fight, beneath, no random shield,
 But under HIM, who dying won the field ;
 Making atonement to infinite wrath,
 For man's offence—then burst the bands of death,
 Ascended up unto his Father's Throne,
 An Advocate—he feels each humble groan
 And silent sigh—and freely doth present
 From contrite hearts—but scorns th' impenitent.
 Let swelling seas, and boisterous billows come,
 In HIM we find, a certain Asylum.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS DOG.

W ow! Colie; but y're turn'd fae kind,
 It canna but impress my mind,
 Few o' my frien's like you I find,
 That's fae discreet;
 For when that I am, *barley* blind,
 Ye come an' meet,

Me, aiblens, nearhan' half a mile,
 Ay wi' a gesture, an' a smile,
 An' when that I come to the stile,
 Ye stan' an glower,
 An' uses monie an art fu' wile,
 To bring me owre.

By standing, carefully forenent,
 The bit, the fin-light bravely kent.
 While I, in ways, I canna paint,
 Do aften fumble,
 And canna get the way I want,
 But wi' a tumble.

Alang the gate, my way ye lead,
 And truly, whyle's, there's meikle need;
 For fure enough, its little speed,
 That I can mak',

Sometimes, I cast ye a bit bread,
To keep ye back.

For when that I come to the bank,
Or dottren owre yon dirty flank,
Ye wi' yer tail are like to fank,
An' ding me down;
But hark ! my spouse is no fae frank,
Wi' doncie John.

For vera aft, when I come in,
She out, a lengthy the tale does spin,
But as it gangs no' to the skin,
I use a' means,
In order to renew the kin,
An then we're frien's.

Fortune, that rolls, just like the sea,
And ebbs, and flows, by fates decree ;
Has ay, been very guid to me,
An' claims my thanks,
The cald-rife curse o' usury,
Or breach o' banks.

Or fear o' robbers on the road,
Or breaking in my house o' fod,
Did never discompose my nod,
Or gie me fret ;

An while I live, I trust in God,
I'll get a bit.

An' brat, to hap me frae the cauld,
An' tho' I live till very auld ;
When that time comes, in Anthon's fauld *,
I get a share ;
An honest man, it shall be tald,
Lies just in there.

ON SEEING

An Old Man worn down with Age and Poverty

SEE ! age, infirmity, and want,
All center'd in a brother faint ;
With pity, view his hoary hairs,
His cheeks, that's furrow'd down with tears ;
His lips have lost, the scarlet thread,
The rose, all from his colour fled.
See how his head with palsy shakes,
His tongue still falters as he speaks ;
His visage meagre, ghastly, wan ;
His flesh just living, shades the bone ;
December, in his face appears,
He scarce can see, and faintly hears.

* The grave-digger of Kirkinner.

Listen, and hear his hollow tone,
 His very sentiments do groan :
 Next view him forward aim to press,
 Whilst every step doth mark distress ;
 His woe worn trunk, and weakly frame,
 Time has left little but the name.
 His pointed shoulder blades project
 A shade above his head and neck ;
 With feeble arms, and wither'd hands,
 While one, his only prop, commands ;
 That as he moves, each trembling limb,
 Scarce proves a stay, to steady him.
 His aching loins, and feeble knees,
 His feet with chilling blood does freeze ;
 And every step, with pain and grief
 Fetches a sigh that claims relief.
 But oh ! hard-hearted brother man,
 Whose life at most, is but a span,
 Yet passeth by with looks of scorn
 Thy fellow mortal so forlorn ;
 His relatives, for whom his strength was spent,
 Treat him unkind, and see him with contempt.

To the MASON LODGE in WIGTON.

YE mystic sons, of Tubal Cain,
 Jachin, Boaz, an' Solomon,

Who from his father, got the plan,
Sae elevated ;
And with the widow's son, o' Dan,
He it compleated.

A house, the like was never kent
In a' the world's wide extent ;
W' beaten gow'd it was cement' ;
That ne'er a cuif
Durst cast his eye, to gie a glent
Up to the roof.

For every thing it was fae neat,
The Cherubims, an' Mercy Seat,
With Pomgranates, set at the gate,
That shone fae bright;
Which frightened every runagate,
Clean out o' sight.

It wafna then as it is now,
For nane but honest men an' true,
O' the great plan ; did get a view,
Na, no a faul,
Or durstna wear the bonnie blue,
Or lift a maul.

Or nane was humpt, or halt, or blin',
Nor deaf, nor o' a spurious kin,

Durft lay a stane or ca' a pin,
Or bear a hood,
Or stretch a line, the di'el a ane,
Or hag the wood.

My faith ! the wark was mair proqueer,
Wi' gowd, an' ither costly gear ;
Nae clatterbag, nor yet a liar,
Or ane did steal,
Or yet, ane aften drunk wi' beer,
Like Lauderdale.

Nae mixie maxie in their creeds,
Or hypocrites wi' roars an' screeds,
Durst put on, ony Maſon weeds,
Or touch the ſquare ;
Or nane but weel approven deeds,
Men, durst come there.

ON DECEMBER.

Now dark and dismal see the atmosphere,
In fullen ire to all our views appear,
The clouds are black, the air is sharp and chill,
The numerous flocks are wandering from the hill;
The rain still pours, whilst oft the vales below
Like rivers swell'd, with rapid torrents flow.

The tempests bursting, o'er the hills they sweep,
 Make mountains wail, and forests for to weep.
 Robb'd are the trees; their gaudy summer dress;
 Their tuneful tenants driven to distress;
 Whose solemn silence may atone for tears:
 No morning music now salutes our ears.
 Late verdant fields, in colour now turn'd pale,
 And flowers are vanish'd from the hill and dale:
 In want of Sol's benign impressive ray,
 Who southward bends his course now day by day;
 Leaving the north his absence for to mourn,
 Till in his round he annually return.

ON WHISKY.

*To Mr. S——b, making the Author and some other
 workmen fu'.*

O WHISKIE! foul o' strong delusion,
 When ye drap in your warm infusion,
 Ye gar your frien's—just a' that loe ye
 Like me, fu' aften to abuse ye;
 Yet no' through malice, weel I wat.
 It's fu' well ken't I'm clear o' that,
 Or ony hatred mair or less,
 As sure as ye are in the glass;
 But for your hypocritic dealing,
 Wi' doncy bodys ha'e my failing,

Ye come fae couth, fae smooth an' fleekit,
 Ane scarce cou'd trew that ye were wicket ;
 Yet wi yer wheedling guilefu' gaits,
 When ance that ye get in our pates,
 Ye gar us think that we hae magic
 To conjure deils, an' mutter logic,
 An' able in a het contention,
 For to out-wit a hale convention ;
 Ye mak' nae odds wi' men that's moarlie,
 The gude an' gracious, nor the worl'ly ;
 If ye can catch them at a banquet
 Whar some gude fellow *you* has *frankit*,
 To deal about in cups or dishes,
 The glory o' a' miser's wishes.
 Ye ken yerfel' how ye did play,
 Your jirks just here the ither day ;
 Amaist a shame for to hear tell o't,
 How ye gie fundry sic a fill o't
 As gar'd them bouk their bread an' cheesc,
 About the wa's, upo' their knees.
 Poor Sandy Tier, our bonnie maister,
 Ye him disloaded but a clyfter ;
 And war nor that, ye made a farlie,
 O' sonsie harmlefs Michael Carlie :
 That doncie man he cou'd na travel
 Upo' a plum, or square, or level,
 But hung fae fair upo' the bevil,
 That aft his nob was near the gravel ;

Till Salmon Tam *, just like a scaite,
 An paddy haul'd him up the gait.
 For poor Macmaister, honest creature!
 Ye him bereft o' every feature
 O' ony kind was like the man,
 Except a faxpence o' Queen Ann.
 Our canty Wright ye didna spare
 Him, tho' ye are to be his heir;
 But laid him down to grane and grant,
 Whare maidenheads are unco scant.
 But what need I attempt the penning,
 The devilment ye did that e'ening,
 For ne'er a sheet is fit to had t;
 How ye dang fowk about, an' dadit
 Them here and there; some like to wister,
 An' fair abus'd my doncie castor.
 O fy-for-shame! to play sic tricks,
 Ye fav'rite o' black auld Nick's:
 Ye've rais'd my bluid to sic an anger,
 I canna bear ye ony langer;
 I will inflict your punishment,
 And doom you now to banishment;
 In spite of rescue, or petition,
 So down my throat wi' expedition.

The LAMENTATION of LIBERTY.

LAMENT my Sons, the awful news of late,
 The mournful tidings, of your mother's fate,

* Fisher.

Condemn'd to die, without the least remorse,
 By those I bore, and on my knees did nurse ;
 Oh ! cruel children—unrelenting blind,
 Was ever parent, e'er before more kind ;
 I brought you up, supporting you with food,
 From fields of yore, manur'd with precious blood ;
 Yet no endearments of a parent's care,
 Cou'd you induce to view my hoary hair,
 With some compassion, brought unto the grave,
 Altho' my doom pronounc'd you enslav'd ;
 In fetters strong, to slavery confin'd,
 Even the tongue—nought free except the mind ;
 In frantic flights, through *Freedom's* fields to roam,
 And with reluctance look upon the tomb
 Of me interr'd, within whose special care,
 You found a shelter from insult or fear.

POSTSCRIPT.

O dull December—dark is thy complex,
 Dreadful thy frowns ; and fatal thy effects ;
 A cloud has spread on Britons, a disgrace
 Which marks a fullen frown in many a face.
Friendship no more, the social hand doth stretch,
 For breast to breast cement the poor and rich ;
 Though partial smiles, delude the eye of sense,
 Each bosom swells and wears a pointed lance
 Already drawn ; until that time, shall say
 The moments here, make haste, do not delay ;
 Which to prevent ; may the great omni-power,
 That *over-rules*, say stop thou fatal hour.

A

MORT-CLOTH SPEAKING.

YE proud ambitious ! cast an eye,
And pause a wee, an luck at me,
Tho' ye be clad in vanity,
 And in ye'r prime,
Yet aiblens, some may borrow me,
 In a short time.

To cover you, frae head to heel,
Ye'r wame and a', except your keel,
Without a dust o' wasted meal,
 Or gauze or lawns,
Or cambricks, for a phantom beild,
 About your han's.

Nae sattinets or English claith ;
For just as soon's, ye tine the breath
And my employer, grusom death
 Has done his wark ;
Yer frien's they wad be very laith ;
 For fastly hark !

For tho' ye'r store came frae the east,
O' pearls and gowd wad lade a beast ;

Ye'll get a fark, an' sheet, an' kist,
 To be ye'r all,
 And mansion house, dug in the dust;
 So fare you well.

Sae lang y'er puttin on ye'r drefs,
 Anent your dauted leukin-glass,
 Admirin o' ye'r bonnie face,
 Frae lug to lug,
 Ye'r bible lyin' in your prefs,
 Baith clean an snug.

For a roun' month, let be a week;
 To keep it safe, out o' the reek,
 An never opening the steek,
 Or yet intended;
 Besides, your knees gif they cou'd speak,
 They hae no bended.

This towmond past, if they cou'd tell,
 An' speak a wee word to ye'r fel,
 An beg to be kept out o' hell,
 Where hope nor faith,
 Ne'er set a foot, nor ever will,
 So think on death.

In Memory of the late LORD DAER.

THE dool-string now, the poor man's doom'd to
wear,

And weeds of woe the melancholy soul ;
For good Lord Daer who can withhold the tear,
Ages unborn will laud and him extol.

Of ancient race and sprung from noble blood,
Among the chief of Scotia's daring sons,
Whose great ancestors oft' in honour stood,
Both to defend and to redress her wrongs.

A gallant youth as e'er adorn'd her isle,
His mein majestic and his conduct just,
And for her weal he constantly did toil ;
But now the sacred tomb, contains his dust.

Corruption's haunts, he ever did detest,
Or such as ruin spread beneath a mask ;
But to relieve his country oppress'd,
He deem'd his duty and his birth-right task.

Now weeds of woe, St. Mary's isle may wear ;
And thou Baldoon, in lamentations mourn,
To think our noble generous master dear,
Will never, never more again return.

The hardy hind that did apply to him,
 Did find employ, his pocket was a store,
 To every sect he was an asylum,
 A steady friend unto the honest poor.

His tender heart still melted at distress,
 A precept for the opulent and great;
 The orphan, widow, and the fatherless,
 Was sure in him a generous friend to meet.

Oh! Galloway! thy guardian's gone, alas!
 That took thy part, when tyrants would impose;
 But yet we hope, there lives a Douglas
 For to protect thee from insulting foes.

Oh! Douglas, a name I ever shall revere,
 And will till life, and intellects do fail;
 And your prosperity, is the wish sincere,
 Of me your humble servant, LAUDERDALE.

MUTUAL AFFECTION.

From THOMSON'S SEASONS, attempted in Rhyme.

OH! happy they, and happy are their fates,
 When love and honour joineth virtuous mates;
 Whose hearts and fortunes bind up from their youth,
 In mutual ties of constancy and truth:

Where human laws not only fix the knot,
 But love endearing, ne'er to be forgot.
 No fordid interest, that sad bond of strife,
 But harmony the nourishment of life,
 Alluring all their passions into love,
 While friendship full, their claims do daily prove.
 Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire,
 Each generous action ready to conspire ;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With confidence here love averteth ill ;
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure,
 Which hearts ungenerous never can procure.
 Who woos the maid for gold ? (Oh fatal gain !)
 From fordid parents ; to eternal pain,
 His conscious guilt consume his nights and days ;
 Like barbarous nations, whose inhuman ways
 Is wild desire ; fierce, as the sun they feel.
 Let eastern nations, with their hearts of steel,
 Seclude their bosom slaves, meanly possess
 Of a mere form, but still of hope deprest ;
 While those that love, cements in holy faith,
 Have equal transports, free from living death ;
 Disdaining fear, what is the world to them ?
 Its pomp, its pleasures ; all its wild extreme ;
 Who, in each other finds whatever cheer
 High fancy forms, or lavish hearts can share ;
 Something than beauty, dearer shou'd the prize,
 Or in the face, or mind illumin'd eyes :

Truth, goodness, honour, sympathy and love,
 The richest bounties of indulgent Jove.
 Mean time, a smiling offspring rising round,
 Sharing their graces, making hope abound :
 The human blossom blows, and daily warms,
 Soft as it rolls, producing some new charms ;
 The father's genius, and the mother's bloom,
 The infant reason, rising claim a boon
 From the kind hand of all-indulgent care :
 Delightful task ! the tender plant to rear,
 Above the mean infectious snares of vice,
 Which does with ease the tender heart entice,
 To breath the virtuous spirit, and impress
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

ON WINTER.

How widely different now is this and June ;
 No feather'd songster sings a pleasing tune ;
 All nature's dull ; no music cheers the plain,
 Except the whistle of the rustic swain.
 The warbling tribes beneath the naked bush,
 The Blackbird, Linnet, and the mellow Thrush,
 Sits silent, sobbing, seeming quite forlorn ;
 The spreading foliage from above them torn
 By boisterous blasts, and natures great decline ;
 For Sol's now south and left us here to pine.

Dark is the day, the sky in wrath appears,
 The clouds like lofty mountains' heads uprears ;
 Omens of storm, and oftentimes we find
 Pour'd down in torrents of a various kind ;
 Hail, rain, and snow, and sometimes pinching frost,
 And tempests dire, by which the seaman's ~~lost~~,
 By the rough blasts, upon mountainous waves,
 'Gainst ragged rocks, to low unletter'd graves.
 No monument doth stand his deeds t' attest,
 But friends at home lamenting sore distress ;
 His aged parents, wife, and children dear,
 With heart-rent sorrow, the fatal tidings hear ;
 He's gone from them, and never to return,
 They know not where, nor cannot see his urn.
 Next view the camp ; see where the foldier stands,
 The steady bulwark of his native lands ;
 Expos'd to hunger, and each bitter blast ;
 To carnage dreadful of the battles past ;
 The cries of heroes with their mangled bones,
 Assault his ears with deep resounding groans,
 And strong intreaties, that the hand of death
 With awful dart wou'd strike and stop his breath.
 Distress like this, unable to relieve,
 What ear can hear, has not a heart to grieve.
 Ye blest with peace that live in ease at home,
 Whether in the cottage or a lofty dome ;
 Without annoyance or distractive fear,
 Your life to his, is summer all the year.

TO THE
MEMORY

Of the late Mrs. McConnell of Wigton.

EXALTED soul ! while in the brittle tent,
 Where beauty's form and virtue was cement,
 'Rose with such lustre in the bloom of life,
 T' adorn the friend, the parent, and the wife ;
 Her beauteous face, esteem it did command ;
 Her eye of pity, and her generous hand ;
 Her prudent conduct, and polite address ;
 Her ear still open to the poor's distress.
 She was (ah ! stop the flowing tear)
 A bright example, and a friend sincere ;
 She through her life a noble precept left
 To all her mourners as her final gift.
 Alas ! she's gone, and left us to deplore,
 A loss so great which time cannot restore.
 How faint my thoughts—but who can find
 Ideas equal to express her *mind*?

THE BLYTH PLOWMAN.

SEE in the morn the blyth laborious hind,
 When blest with health, and ruddy vigour flush ;

Pursues his work with chearfulness of mind,
And joins in concert with the mellow thrush.

Uncurst with cumbrance of a painful weight,
Of floating phantoms, honour's gilded ore;
Whose carping care destroys the rest at night,
While in content he finds unwasting store.

Unhurt with *luxury* the dam of vice,
The *foe* of *virtue*, and the bane of health;
He in his daily labour doth rejoice;
With pity viewing over-burden'd wealth.

His daily toil procures him the support,
Which craving nature claims for a supply,
And soul or vitals never known to hurt;
Each chrystal stream its drink to him convey.

A rural life, may that be still my lot,
Distant from cities or tumultuous throng;
In peaceful *woodlands* would I chuse the spot,
Or by some *river*, to assist my song.

The Ale Wife to her Clock, on Saturday E'en.

My house is fu' baith *butt* and *ben*,
Of hyplock hame spun gentlemen;

Besides the man that wi' the pen
Maks rackit rhyme !
O ! let them stay ere ye strike ten,
And fill their wame.

Just luke, and see in ilka room,
There's neither grumble, grudge, nor gloom,
The mutchkin stoup is aften toom,
The filler's rife ;
And him wi' his poetic fume,
Just seasons life.

Ilk cuse is keen to shew his wit,
An' Jock as ready wi' a cut,
Just leuk at Tam, gie Will a put,
An' James a nip,
'Cause Gilbert he has got a shot,
Clean through his hip,

Whilk gars him for to fige and scart ;
The lave laugh at him like to f—t.
There's naithing here bit fauls alert,
Douse harmless lads ?
It's no like keeping up a mart
O knaves and jades.

Jock gets na time to bow his hough,
Ilk table canna get enough ;

His flee address promotes a laugh,
 Wi' wink and glime ;
 I never had a better pleugh
 In a my time.

Now, what tho' I wi' cannie flight,
 Shou'd mak' your burden something light ?
 They a' will trew it's surely right,
 That ye do tell ;
 For wha wad not believe his fight,
 Or yet your bell ?

But dinna ye forget to chick ;
 Suppose they call na just fae thick ;
 Wi' you a fau't I winna pick,
 Tho' haffens dumb !
 Till they begin to run on tick ;
 Then Sunday's come !

A fimple story, or a fang,
 I think can be bit little wrang ;
 The morn they'll round the ingle thrang
 An' count their kin,
 Or may be in a woody hang,
 Auld Chatham's Son.

O ! curse the cocks, that canker'd tribe,
 For they're the gear I canna bribe ;

Yet when my guests begin to jibe,
 Then my excuse,
 Is for to blame that wandout scibe,
 D—d drunken Bruce*.

TO AN AMIABLE YOUNG GIRL.

How beautiful the rose appears !
 E'er ruffled of its charms ;
 So doth the maid in youthful years,
 Whom innate goodness arms.
 Against the false deluding swain,
 Who aims for to enjoy
 Her blooming honour ; which lost, doth stain
 Her virtue, and destroy
 Her peace, her rest, her virgin name ;
 And leaves her all forlorn,
 The butt of infamy and shame,
 Her folly for to mourn.

A D V I C E

To a Young Friend near death.

My suffering friend, I beg you'd calm your mind,
 And to the will of heaven be now resign'd.

* A Clock-maker.

Your life and health, and what is still more dear,
 Your parts immortal ; and oh ! let it chear
 Your soul in secret ; that you may look up
 To Him, who dying, sweetened the cup.
 By tasting death he broke its bitter sting,
 And left a note for Adam's sons to sing.
 Praise to his name ! who out of wrath's deep flood,
 Bought our Redemption with his precious blood ;
 The silent grave he did it ornament,
 And death's strong bands in pieces them he rent :
 Ascended up a conqueror complete,
 And now he sitteth as our advocate.
 Commit your pl a into his hands most just,
 None through his care hath reason to distrust ;
 Sin, by suggestions, may excite alarms,
 But never one to mercy's open arms
 Did ever come, by true contrition prest,
 Was e'er denied of an eternal rest.

TO SIR W—M M—X—L, *Bart.*

Wrote in 1793.

Y E'ER welcome hame, auld frien', Sir Willie,
 Or may I never taste a jillie ;
 Fou' fa' me, if I was na fretin'
 Till sometimes I was haflens greetin' ;

For fear some notion up shou'd spring,
 In o' your head to please the king.
 And gar ye rin awa' to wattle
 Yon *Sans Culottes*, unchancie cattle ;
 That's fae d—d paukie in their pootin,
 They maistly win at every shootin.
 And curse them but they mak as free,
 Wi' like o' you, as sic o' me ;
 The de'el a bit they think o' shyness,
 A mercy 'twas they miss'd his h——s :
 I am sure he wish'd himsel at K—w,
 When he was left wi' sic a few ;
 Or in some kirk to pray an' preach,
 As use and wont, an' auld wives fleech ;
 To gang to h—n a road far better,
 Than splashing aye 'mang dirt and water.

I dout that after sic a woster,
 His lads did mak a doncie muster ;
 As aft they hae ; fin' out o' frolics,
 They sent our men to die like bullocks.

Fill'd monie a page o' the gazettes,
 Wi' bankrupts, an' wi' bankrupts' debts,
 Dung a' things wrang. made a' things dear,
 And drove the nation to despair ;
 And just as little word o' thinking,
 As stopping me a drap in drinking.
 Were I to council for the countrie,
 I'd let the Dutch an' German gentrie,

An' French, an' ev'ry ither faction,
 A' clamber till the resurrection.
 Bring hame our boys that sair are sweatan',
 And like a rock, mak strong Great Britain;
 Suspend some burdens that usurp us,
 As weel as yon auld *Habeas Corpus*;
 For if that we wad 'gree the-gither,
 De'el burn them if they dare come hither.

*On the Destruction made amongst the Feather'd Tribe
 in the severe Frost, January and February 1795.*

DISTREST with want, the feather'd flock now
 For scanty food, in danger of their lives; (flies,
 The lakes deny them of their usual feast;
 Forc'd to the streams t' apply for a repast;
 But mark! what danger doth on them attend,
 Pursu'd by those, they never did offend;
 The subtle fowler unrelenting lurks
 In secret shades, till privately he marks
 Their near approach, with hunger sore harass'd,
 And then avails him of their dire distress,
 So void of pity, strikes his awful match,
 Which death conveys with undiscern'd dispatch.
 All is alert, their life for to destroy,
 Or at the least their peace for to annoy.
 See how the fields, are pester'd here and there,
 With dog and gun, to kill, or to ensnare;

Each artful trap invention can contrive,
 While pinching wants, those innocents do drive,
 To seek relief of man, who sily waits,
 And to allure them with delusive baits.
 Those former friends, that us'd to charm thine ear,
 Oh! brother man; why art thou so severe?
 Barren thy pleasure of unmanly gain,
 Where all the produce lies in giving pain.

REFLECTION ON DEATH.

It's strange! how death, is so forgot,
 Almost through a' the year;
 When every day we get a shot,
 Anent our eye or ear.
 Without the sma'est o' respect,
 To age, or wit, or breeding,
 Or youth, or strength, or blood, or sex,
 Or face, or saucy clathing.
 Just all must tumble, in the moul',
 As fate does strike the dagger;
 The generous, and the grov'ling foul;
 The soveraign, and the beggar.

TO THE
POET LAUREAT.

DEAR Sir, as ye live near our king,
And has the art to touch the string,
O! will ye play him up a spring,
O' exhortation;
The tune Britannia, douna fing,
While transportation,

Is carried on, o' bread an' beef,
By mony a perjur'd, smuggling thief,
Unto our foes the very chief,
Yon Sans Culottes;
And faith its hard, to mind the cliff,
Wi' hungry guts.

Presented wi' an empty spoon,
A body mak's a donfy croon,
Besides, our whisky a' is done;
Which, on my honour,
Did help us aft at morn an' noon,
To raise the tenor.

While that our foes, baith ev'n and morn,
Upon our butter, beef, an' corn,

May finely tune their stock and horn,
 Or raise a chorus,
 Drinking a health, to our manfworth
 Strong props o' Paris.

And there is nought, the case will alter,
 Except it be a hempen halter,
 Or steeked up in Gibraltar,
 As mercy's face
 Has mark'd my liege, the objects shelter ;
 Lang may the race

Enjoy the crown that he does wear,
 May discord cease, and slavish fear,
 And peace return, our trade to cheer,
 And plenty's hand,
 Dry up the poor's oppressed tear,
 On sea and land.

May church and state, in love unite,
 And piety their steps adorn,
 Which now I fear has tint the gate,
 And kens na', what na' way to turn :
 The great for her, they ha'e na' room,
 They're sae ta'en up wi' toys an clatters,
 Us poor folk, wi' a pantry tune,
 Just tak' example by our betters.
 So dissipation rules the rust,
 And we are aft' infatuate,

That every storm, or sudden gust,
Comes north about, by W——y P——tt.

TO THE HAWTHORN.

OF a' the fruits our trees do yield,
There's nane like thee does stan' the field;
For thou, without the sma'est beild,
Thro' every blaw
Does stan', until the year grows eild,
Baith frost an' snaw.

And, even on a new ye'rs morn,
I've seen thee fresh upo' the thorn,
When a' thy clae's is rent an' torn
Aff every branch;
Thou owr them a' does blaw the horn,
For being stanch.

When frost binds up the e'rd like flint,
And snaw baith covers how an' clint,
The feather'd folks ha'e sad complaint.
But thanks to nature
That bountifully helps the want
Of every creature,

To thee, they hurry hastily,
In great distress for a supply.

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By nature's law ye do begin,
Maks ready for the lying-in ;
Whilst man to human feeling blin',
Aft leaves the dame
That he deluded into fin,
An' brought to sham

Disdain'd, dejected, and forlorn,
His vile inconstant faith to mourn;
By love inflam'd had often sworn

To be her mate,

Yet leaves her then to court her urn:
While wretched fate,

Conspires to spurn the helpless she,
Whose heart an' soul was lodg'd in thee.
Perfidious man! how can you see

Her piteous case!

Sit with your offspring on her knee,
In low disgrace;

And not in stains of pity press
Your lips to hers, and sooth her breast:
The winged tribes they all detest

The faithless deed,

And brutal flocks, in sheds that rest
Or fields do feed.

A D V I C E

To Mr. Gardiner, a Young Clergyman, who, sometimes, preached at the Ferry Town of Cree.

WITH a' submission to your learning,
 Your logic and your guid discerning;
 For me, dear Sir, I dinna doubt 'em,
 Nor hear I ony, that dispute 'em;
 And as I hear some people say,
 Ye will instruct us neist Lord's day,
 Weel may ye speed be my petition,
 And if ye tak my admonition,
 To please them weel, ye winna fail,
 Or drown the Poet Lauderdale;
 When first ye grip him near a burn,
 That runs ay brown wi' barley corn.
 Sae now comes forward my advice,
 In hamely drefs no vera nice.
 Lay thousands on the man o' fin,
 And swear the kirk o' England blin;
 Their ceremonies dinna spare,
 Whether amen, or de'el ma care.
 Cry Faith's Confessions orthodox,
 On Arian dogs lay fearfou knocks,
 Send a' freewillers to the pit,
 But dinna touch a hypocrite;

And if ye name a covenant,
 Be sure ye gie a grane and grunt.
 Stick hard and fast to sound believin',
 Yet set nae bounds to legal theivin';
 To catch the plack be sure be cannie,
 For what's a body wanting money?
 And hark! ye will be just the dandy,
 But be not fair on hough-magandie,
 As its a fit o' friendly passion,
 And vera muckle now in fashion;
 The foremost way to form acquaintance,
 Begins wi' love, ends wi' repentance,
 Which aften times assists the needy,
 And weel we ken the kirks are greedy,
 And aften gets a perquisite,
 For pardons when they are discreet;
 And rather than to raise contentions,
 They ha'e them, now o' a' dimensions,
 That ane wad think them turn'd fae civil,
 They 'maist wad sell them to the d—l.

TO KNOW A FOOL.

THE only rule to know a fool,
 Is, mark the mouth that's merry;
 That wears the tongue the loosest hung,
 When there is little hurry.

ON RICHES AND POVERTY.

IF ye be rich, your neibours fain,
 Like flies will flock about ye ;
 But if ye'r poor, your nearest kin
 They will not care about ye.

ON GAIN.

ENSNARING gain ! thou art an arrant thief,
 Thou steals our peace by promising relief ;
 Yet wou'd thy favours flow in like the main,
 Thy subtle furies but increase our pain.

A PILL FOR THE CLERGY.

THE times they are bad, and we cannot expect
 To grow any better till vice it is checkt ;
 Our pastors, the first that now are become,
 With opulence drunk, till they're stupidly dumb,
 And blind to the bargain ; but yet by the smell,
 The way to a banquet they know just as well,
 As I do the way to the bottle and pitcher ;
 But they must be led to the hut of a ditcher.

ON APRIL.

Now April's come to stop the plough,
The harrows cry, its our time now ;
The birds do sing on every bough,
The lark doth chant,
And wi' her sang comes the cuckow,
And joins the rant.

A' nature's in a hartsome mood,
The hills, the dales, the plains, the wood,
The very tempest in the flood
Doth cease to roar,
And wreck begins to sprout an' bud,
Along the shore.

Phœbus returning o'er the line,
Doth cloath the verdant pasture fine ;
And early flowers transparent shine,
In bonnie bloom,
Which stormy winter did consume,
Wi' fullen gloom.

Now winter's widow weeds are torn,
A phoenix sprung out of the urn !
The chearing rays of Sol's return,
Now glad the plain ;

And halefome breezes from the thorn,
Refresh the fwain.

No Indian balm, like morning air,
No mufic can with his compare ;
The winged concert charm his ear,
Upon the hills,
Which far exceeds Italian lyres,
Or poets thrills.

He goes to work fae blyth and gay,
Viewing the harmlefs lambkins play,
With chearful hand the feed does lay,
In parent foil ;
With pleafing hope it will repay
Him for his toil.

A POET'S MIND.

To paint the picture of a Poet's mind,
No living man a flow of words can find
To ferve the pen ; even the greateft bard,
Altho' the earth he had for his reward.
In constant motion ever on the flight,
Except fhort flumbers feize him in the night :

Through air, and earth, and foaming floods that
 swell,
 Soaring aloft, and looking down to hell ;
 He views the dungeons where the pris'ners groan,
 In floods of tears, and joins their piteous tone ;
 With deep concern he ever views distress,
 And feels for all when used merciless ;
 At every wound that causeth grief and pain,
 The harsh inflicter has his full disdain :
 To nought in life his heart does prove a foe,
 Except necessity commands the blow.
 Through lowest cells his thoughts do oft traverse,
 And in the palace boldly doth converse ;
 He roams through empires, toucheth sea and land,
 Wherever recollection can command ;
 The rising spring, and summer's splendid bloom,
 Autumn's rich store, and winter's furly gloom.
 To brutal flocks he often doth apply,
 And with the winged, soar, and sing, and fly ;
 Admires the insects, and to reptiles takes,
 And to the fish, in standing pools and lakes.
 The toper's clubs he very often haunts,
 And loves amours, the poets elements.
 At mourning beds he sheds the tender tear,
 And at the bridal chearful doth appear.
 Thro' every art, and science, war, and peace,
 Industry, religion, and disgrace ;
 O'er all he roams, he runs, he flies, he floats,
 To find out matter to assist his notes ;

With no assistance but the pointed lance,
Of piercing genius and experience.

IN

MEMORY

Of the late Hon. Keith Stewart, of Glasserton.

By fate's command, he's yielded up his breath,
Unto the frozen arms of tyrant death ;
The poor man's friend, likewise a steady stay
Unto the public, both by land and sea ;
As brave a tar as ever trod a plank,
Witness with Keppel an' the Dogger Bank ;
Where he behaved like a gallant Stewart,
The blood of Bute that died at Carron Ford *,
And many dangers, which he bravely bore ;
Yet hostile decks, of blood, of death, and gore,
Cou'd not unbrace his feelings for the poor ;
The pompous pleasures of a splendid court,
Ne'er did allay his care for their support.
O! Glasserton and Whithorn, you may wear
The doole-string now, and drop the mournful tear ;
Your sun is set, a fable cloud is spread,
Your guardian's gone, and number'd with the dead ;

* Wallace's history.

Whose liberal hand, was long an asylum,
 Both to the hind and useful artisan.
 Muir-kirk may mourn, and so may the Black-rack,
 E'en public justice has receiv'd a shock,
 By the decease of him, whose humble ear,
 The needy's plaint attentively did hear.
 God grant his spouse, who now has cause to weep,
 And tender offspring, may his precepts keep,
 And long enjoy the produce of his toil,
 That under them the poor man yet may smile ;
 Whose eyes may weep, whose hearts, with grief
 may sigh ;
 When as they look to where his corps doth lie ;
 Even the paths on which he us'd to pass,
 Soft recollection kindly doth embrace.
 Th' inspired muse, assisted with the pen
 Of eloquence, and lofty learned men,
 In higher strains may laud and him extol.
 I only write, the language of my soul
 In humble terms, as nature hath express'd,
 The pen of lucre loudly I detest ;
 Yet truly say we poor within the shire,
 Had not his equal, but the late Lord Daer.

AULD NICK's

*Commendation of Curdandy.**

O STURDY Rabin, stout an fell,
Great champion o' the powers o' hell,
Ye hae got sic a magic spell,
Owre poor and rich,
That in the den where devils dwell,
There's no ye'r match.

Ye are fae caunie, an fae nice,
And ay does act by my advice;
Conscience, ye aft play at the dice
For ony stake;
And faith ye easily can splice,
If it be weak.

While wi' a voice fae shrill an sweet,
Ye aften play the hypocrite,
And has the art o't fae compleat,
Through a' the year,
That I need hardly toil my feet,
While ye are here.

* Curdandy, a baker in Wigton, and a man who acted in a doublecapacity, for, and against the petitioners, respecting the late bills, for preventing seditious meetings, &c.

Besides, ye hae a disposition
That's void o' grace, or o' contrition ;
Ye soon inform'd the inquisition,
About the mob,
They ca' the children o' fedition,
My dainty Rob.

An' as reward for your gude words,
Ye's get a pension frae my lords*,
An' when ye're clad in your last weeds,
Laid in the coffin,
Ye's be made ane o' my race fiefs,
Wi leave o' Griffien t.

But just as sure as I'm the di'el,
If e'er ye come beneath his heel,
He'll make your trunk into a creel,
To carry fish in ;
Likewise your skull, ye ne'er-do-weel,
A pot to pish in.

CURDANDY'S Answer to AULD NICK.

CURDANDY'S Answer to AULD NICK.

YOUR testimonial Maister Simmie,
But cost, or fash, it did come to me.

* The Provost and Council of W-----n.

† The Grave-digger of Wigton.

And sic a lucky lift it gie me,
 That ev'ry gab
 O' auld an' young, when e'er they see me
 Cry sturdy Rab.

Wi sic an air an' canty tune,
 As I am strutten up and down,
 Selling my bakes and baps that's brown,
 Wi mony a lie;
 O will ye fen' me a balloon
 That I may flie,

An through the countra, mak' a tour,
 About the short an' silent hour,
 And here's my han' a sheep that's poor
 I winna touch,
 While I a fat ane can allure
 Frae mean or rich.

For O! I hate for to engage
 In wark, that's done wi pick, or fledge,
 Besides I'm wearing up in age,
 My head is lyart,
 An' lang to be y'r honor's page,
 I hae aspir't

To pimp, an peuther, and to tell
 A guid tale, ay about mysell,
 C 4

An' a' my neibours to ill will,
 I thought it best,
 Which honest auld Sandy D——l,
 Can yet attest.

I o' the tongue had a guid gift,
 And cry'd about religious thrift;
 I sometimes looket to the lift,
 An' threw my mouth;
 Whyles kept a bottle for a shift,
 To flocken drouth.

Which really answer'd vera trig,
 When I was an affociate whig,
 To ope' the kirk doors, wee an big,
 On holy days,
 For hark ! the bodies, loes a spig,
 For a' their phrafe.

And when that they come in at e'en,
 I on the winnock kept a screen,
 An' wad a glowrt wi baith my e'en,
 An graind an gruntit,
 Till wi' the help o' you my frien',
 I them enchantit.

Sometimes wie fat an fisted books,
 O' ane auld Luther, an' John Knox,

Till mony a time we heard the cocks
 Cry, fy-for-flame,
 An' lay aside your orthodox,
 And just gang hame.

Now Rabby, be na' in a rage,
 I set you down in measur'd page;
 It is to check the present age
 To be a means,
 For hark, ye ha'e upon the stage,
 A deal o' frien's.

THE
 C——L OF W——N's

Confession of Faith.

WITH duty here, wie you address,
 The great provider of our mefs,
 And mean to toast you in a glafs,
 Wi' free gude will;
 As lang as we can scart our a—se,
 Or sign a bill.

For you we will had up the han',
 For you our fauls we'll lay in paun,

For you, undaunted, wie will stan'
 Against the free,
 An' sturdy sentimental ban',
 For liberty.

Is it for this, or yon, or that,
 Or twenty things they kenna what,
 They offer for to bell' the cat,
 Wi' our gude-man,
 That claw'd St. J——s's Cari pot,
 An' kist his han' ;

And gat a lesson fully writ,
 By the right han 'o W——y P——tt,
 Just how to gang, an' speak, an' spit,
 An' how to act,
 An' help to lay Britannia flat,
 On her rig back.

And there dissect her nerves an' veins,
 And draw the marrow frae her banes,
 Regardless o' her grunts an' granes,
 An' fair complaint,
 And her poor hungry greeting weans,
 In weary want.

For Willy quite out-rivals Mars,
 Shoots bombs, frae dogs, an' horse, an' cars ;

Hair powder, black balls, prints and jars,
Snuff and pomatum ;
He's felling wax to fit the stars,
An wha can beat him.

Is't H——n B——n; or M'K——e,
M'C——e; M——m, or twa or three,
Like A——n, an' Croftangry,
That fells the fruit,
Will eat the pears of liberty,
An' fave the root.

Or yet M—M—y in the den,
Or W—ms that does use the pen *,
Or for the number ten times ten,
Wie care a snuff,
We'll tear the tree up by the en',
An' a' the truff;

And cast it in oblivion's flood,
Altho' it cost a deal of bluid;
There's nought to us like daily food,
Just at the time,
Something to do a body good,
An fill their wame.

* A few names of the number who drew up a petition against the seditious bill, in opposition to the E—l of G—y and the C—l of W—n's inclination.

Nae countra rights wie mind a button,
Which is the case wi' mony a glutton ;
Gie us a belly fu' o' mutton,

An' routh o' wine ;
Say what ye please, an' there's nae doubtin'
But wие will sign.

For you we will kneel on our knees,
That o' the kirk does keep the keys,
An' just do ony thing ye please,
But fear o' frowns,
As lang's ye pay our annual fees,
In milts an' rowns.

THE E—L OF G—L—Y's ANSWER.

My steady dupes unto the grave,
Your sentiments I did receive,
An' vera well ye did behave,
Just at the nick,
When prudently ye play'd the knave,
To save a trick.

Lang may ye round the borough ride,
An' thro' the street frae side to side,
'Tis like y'r conscience, vera wide,
Besides the length.

And while that lucre is your guide,
With rigid strength,

Wie will the slaves keep under awe,
With the assistance of the law,
So lay them under ax and saw,
Without remorse,
An' if that they begin to thraw,
Then foot and horse

I'll bring, to banter such as aim,
To mint about their antient claim ;
I have it from a man whose name
Is vera dear,
That he will load a' like a team,
Just the next year.

An' make them truckle down like snools,
Beneath the binks, an' chairs, an' stools,
Under strong legislative rules,
For the support
Of bonny ministerial tools,
A noble sport !

An, hark ye Sirs ! for y'r desert,
If I be spar'd ye's get a part,
Something to keep your fauls alert,
Atwhart the town,

May be to help a winter mart,
Or a new gown.

An' while there is a canny spot,
In my district that's worth a *note*,
For you, depend it shall be got,
While I'm my lord,
An' now an' then a hearty pot,
And sumptuous board.

While ever that ye act for me,
An' paum, an' cog, an' sconce, an' lie,
Just justice starve, an' liberty
Take care to smoor;
An' keep the meal at nine times three*,
To starve the poor.

For that's the way to gar them wink,
An' keep them upo' poortiths brink,
Half starving baith for meat an' drink,
An' scant of cleath';
An' learn them only for to think
On present death.

POSTSCRIPT.

Tell a' the boroughs ye come in,
That them and us are near a kin,

* Two Shillings and Three Pence ; per Stone.

Which makes Britannia for to grin
Her teeth an' gloom,
Wi' pockets bare, wi' broses thin,
An' bottle room.

THE SMITH OF KIRKCOWAN,

A true Tale.

YE peafants poor, an' ye that's richer,
An' lo'es to clatter ower a pitcher ;
Sit down a wee an' be na canker'd,
But cheerfully tofs aff your tankard,
An' hear a tale fet some a laughing,
Which happen'd in Kirkcowan clauchan ;
The like I'm fure ye didna hear,
For near han' twa an' twenty year,
About a smith, may be ye kend him,
That's got the horns, the d—l mend him ;
An' may they ornament each noddle,
That scrimps his spouse o' her tail toddle !
An' every ither fie-for-flame,
'That plays abroad when near han' hame ;
For women they, as nature tells,
Hae sic like paffions as ourfels,
An' truly lukes for what's their right,
I mean their dues paid up at night.
But John, fae earnest at the study,
Forgat his wife, poor doncy body,

Sae lang a time's a shame to tell,
 For seven year to lay b' her sel,
 The li'-lang night, the flaes to cuff!
 Sae Jean at length took up the huff,
 Because neglected o' her due,
 Now neibours I refer to you,
 For me, I honestly do grant it,
 If in my health, I daught na want it,
 Which was the very case wi Jean,
 An' so, she happent on a frien',
 To help her in the time o' need;
 An' providence did blefs the seed;
 Sae brought it forth unto the strap,
 Now wha think ye, shou'd get the crap?
 It's John, I vote, likewise the lan',
 An' pay the kindly journeyman,
 To learn us a', as Paul do's fay,
 To gie our wives their dues o' play.

SATAN's ADVICE

To the Extortioners near Wigtown.

My servants all of each profession,
 My brave conductors of oppression,
 Let no remorse of conscience feize,
 Nor yet prevent y'r hearts to freeze,

Against the calls of deep distress.
 Let neither widow, fatherless,
 Nor orphans tears y'r rage prevent,
 Nor objects lame make you relent,
 Let not the face o' antient years,
 Whose cheeks are furrow'd down wi' tears,
 Wi' meagre looks, an' pitious case,
 Assault y'r feelings, nor disgrace
 The loyal love to me you shew,
 To make y'r sympathy to flow
 Towards their wants, but wi' a sneer,
 A sullen tone, an' look severe,
 Just bid the feeble, halt, or maim'd,
 Wi' bended brows, "To go be damn'd;"
 An' you my faithfu' chosen squad,
 Whom service past bids me applaud,
 Altho' I set y'r names in blanks,
 I gi'e you my infernal thanks.
 D—ns—r the first o' antient note,
 My flunkie steady an' devote,
 The king ye cheat, his foes ye nurse,
 An' long ye've had the hungry's curse;
 Great luck for me ye did escape,
 That vile unchancy thing the rape;
 An' thanks to him my kinsman dear,
 O' my complexion very near,
 That brought ye aff for cent per cent,
 The indigent for to torment.

Port C—k next, an' likewise K—k,
 Are eminent among my flock ;
 By the example ye ha'e giv'n,
 Down along shore, the foes o' heav'n,
 An' earth beside, are now so plenty,
 That I might mention twa and twenty,
 Which I decline, to save expence,
 An' on the royal burrough glance,
 Where magistracy stoutly guarded,
 Has now humanity discarded
 Quite out of town, my trusty eagles,
 With Johny R—'s, an' the beagles*,
 Excluding out Calbae an' Nathan,
 The most o' them are friends o' Dathan,
 Which I may note another time.
 But hasting to conclude the rhyme,
 I all advise wi' hellish fury,
 Just ev'ry day to hold a jury,
 Condemn to death big dogs and mesins,
 An' for poor folk they're an excreffence ;
 Oh ! make them tremble, make them kneel,
 An' rule them wi' a rod o' steel ;
 Let not their looks, their sighs, nor tears,
 Impress y'r eyes nor reach y'r ears ;
 At every call of nature spurn,
 To make you fitter for to burn.
 Let nought deter y'r strong design,
 To serve y'r gods—that's *me* and *coin* ;

* Town Officers.

Let thoughts o' death or stings o' conscience,
 Appear to you like whims or nonsense ;
 Or fears o' hell, my habitation,
 Or yet deliberate perjuraction,
 Surprise you more than does a dream,
 For oh ! it is a burning shame,
 For souls like yours, to shift or shrink,
 Keep always full o' meat and drink !
 Carouse away without dejection,
 'Till I again gi'e more direction.

ON JULY.

How nobly grand ! the universal face
 Of earth appears, in nature's ornaments ;
 Cloath'd by the hand, that claims unbounded space,
 And to the deeps did measure their extents.
 Behold each pasture field of various size,
 Enamell'd gay, and in meridian bloom,
 Affords a sumptuous banquet to the eyes,
 And to the nerves a delicate perfume.
 Earth, elegant beyond what tongue can tell,
 The tillage fields with plenty man doth cheer ;
 The brutal flocks in luxury do dwell,
 The winged tribes with music charm our ear.

 THE POET DRUNK.

A' ye wha aiblins aft' was happy,
 Aboon a jug o' reaming nappy,
 In looking ow'r these lines, ye'll see
 What honestly behappen'd me :
 Ae day I sat down wi' a sleekie
 Young writer lad, com' frae auld Reekie,
 At Bladnoch Brig to drink some yill,
 An' he threw in a double jill
 In o' the mug when hassens doon,
 An' what think ye, the pauky loon
 First tuke a waught, then I anither,
 Syne he began to be a brither,
 In making verse an' syne repeat.
 An' lang an' dree' we kept our seat,
 Without the changing o' our liquor,
 An' hark ! wie emptied mony a bicker ;
 Until the ev'ning laid a claim,
 That I must try to toddle hame ;
 Which for to do I was fu' bent,
 Yet baith my legs were ill content.
 I try'd to rin, I try'd to gang,
 I try'd to chear them wi' a sang,
 An' every way that I cou'd coax,
 But they forsooth began to box ;

I thought in faith they war gane gyte,
 An' kent na which o' them to wyte,
 An' wi' their weary wild disputes,
 Oft gar'd my heels to hurt my coots,
 For ilka ane did claim a right,
 Unto a fide, be't howe or hight;
 An' 'tween the twa, my aeth I'll tak,
 I canna tell wha had the crack.
 To gar them 'gree was my intent,
 But cudna do't, oh black affront!
 To twa', fu' fifty years the gither,
 An' unco pack wi' ane anither,
 An' mony a road had been, but dout
 My mither kent nae geer about.
 I whyles sat down, an' calm an' featly,
 Did reason with them right discreetly;
 The way the nei'bours they were winkin'
 How that the poet had been drinkin';
 They in defence pat in a claim,
 An' said my hands were a' the blame,
 My *bands* they wyted fair my *mouth*,
 An' on my *throats* incessant drouth,
 My *throat* and *mouth* wi' exclamation,
 Did reprobate my *inclination*.
 Disputes they ran to sic a pitch,
 While I was sitting on my britch,
 That better I for some transgression,
 Had stood before a quarter session,

But while they were at a' this odds,
 By lucky chance, comes on friend *nods** ;
 An' every ane took aff his hat,
 An' own'd him a chief magistrate,
 So fairly stood to his decision,
 Which pat an end to a' confusion.

A NEW SONG,
 THE WIGTONSHIRE CAVALRY.

Tune, "*Fy let us a' to the bridal.*"

COME let us convene through the shire,
 To gather up gay cavaliers ;
 Our cabinet does it require,
 To frighten yon saucy Monfieurs.
 An' fy let us a' to the meeting,
 Dear neibours nae time we may tine,
 To muster up men for the shooting ;
 The match is to be on the Rhine.

My Lord will be there wi' a dinner, *rubble*
 That lickit the plates at Whiteha' ;
 K—ld—h, wee laird in Kirkinner,
 Posselt wi' a hantle o' jaw.

* Sleep.

Wi' P——l that spends a' his filler,
 An' th' Ad——l that smuggl'd the Dutch;
 T——r——ie will be there like a miller,
 Wi bannock and cheefe in his pouch.
 An' fy let us a', &c.

Wi will hae Sir W——m the Baron,
 That's turn'd out a soldier for need;
 An' H——n frae W——g I shall warran',
 Our bonny new troops for to head.
 The Rhinds they will a' come in flockin',
 To sign up our loyal address;
 Wi are a' now fae keen i' the clockin',
 I fear that we'll die in the nest.
 Then fy let us a', &c.

Wi will hae a hantle o' R——es,
 D——t, that lives in the heugh;
 Wi' L——n an' his tartan hose's,
 An' M——t——d out o' the F——h.
 Besides a' our Wigtown wee gentrie,
 It's them that can learn us the law;
 An' a' the fat nabs through the countra,
 E——y B——n wi' his nose like a saw.
 Then fy let us a', &c.

An' when that we've got our supper,
 An' drunk till we're a' like to spue,

We'll marshal our host upon paper,
 An' fae hae a royal review :
 Then oh ! how they'll snort an' they'll caper,
 An' how they'll retreat and pursue ;
 There ne'er was a regiment cheaper,
 Was ever presented at K—w.
 Then fy let us a', &c.

An' if ony filler is wanted,
 To mak up the infantry ranks,
 We'll just mak a sham for to grant it,
 An' so get his M——y's thanks.
 An' fy let us a' to the meeting,
 Dear neibours nae time we may tine,
 To muster up men for the shooting ;
 The match is to be on the Rhine.

CONTENTMENT.

WHAT need I fash mysel' wi' fears ?
 About events of future years,
 That lies at point of fate ;
 What need I grane for neist year's corn,
 That maybe winna see the morn,
 An' that's nae distant date.

I ay ha'e gotten mair or less,
 Tho' aften times wi' pinchin',

An' may be better wi' a gla'ss,
 Than if I had a puncheon:
 For I ha'e seen, an' I ha'e been,
 Whare bumpers wafna few,
 Whare some did rant, an' some did grant,
 An' ithers fit an' spew.

He's only blest, that's firmly bent
 To shun the door o' discontent,
 An' keeps his conscience smudgen;
 An' learns his passion for to rule,
 Whilst *Reason* she does keep the school,
 An' not to passion drudgen.

This man hath pleasure in his life,
 Though often cuff'd and mockit,
 An' aft on point o' poortith's knife,
 Wi' little in his pocket.
 For he gets, and he meets
 Wi' food, that just does please him;
 O' ha bits, an' bra' bits,
 Whan ne'er a neebour sees him.

On the Rev. WILLIAM MCGILL.

YE senseless fluts your time do spill,
 An's very aften doing ill,
 D

Aible like me takin' a jill,

Yet had's nae there,

Come a' awa to Will, M'Gill,

I' th' town o' Air.

For he's the man has got the knack,

To learn us a' for to retract,

Frae our unwordy gaits fae black,

An' a' to men,

He's just the man deserves the crack,

Did ye but ken.

He'll by the slight o' common sense,

An' by the rules that reason kens,

Can mak us live wi' frae offence,

If we tak tent,

So we may save a' the expence

O' Testament.

He says, its hardly worth a flaw

For we near-han' keep the law,

Suppose our gutcher gat a fa'

Amang the dirt,

His leg it was na broke in twa,

But somewhat hurt.

For eating o' yon cannie pears,

It wadna mak our teeth like shears,

The slidin' steps o' our forbears,
 Was a' forgotten ;
 Fo'k that was dead sax thousand years,
 In mools a' rotten.

Freewill, he says, can help us up,
 'Till we be near on the hill top,
 Then virtue she can gie a rap,
 To let us in,
 Wi' little help o' faith or hope,
 Or nearer kin.

An' yet, its vera odd to me,
 When he is learning us to flee,
 He didna dry the moss o' Cree,
 To help his mither,
 When aft she's trotted to the knee,
 In winter weather.

TO A

BROTHER POET,

Collecting a Subscription for his Poems.

SIR, I was vext I had nae fortune,
 To meet wi' you, when at the courting

O' customers to buy your book;
 Yet from my heart I wish you luck,
 O' routh o' cash an' ready sale,
 An' please set down John Lauderdale,
 As being a poetic brither,
 An' scarcely hae ye sic anither;
 For may I in a halter streek,
 If I hae Latin, French, or Greek;
 Or may my forehead hit a hammer,
 If e'er I learnt an English grammar.
 The reason was, unto my shame,
 My masters ay did pay me hame,
 Because that wi' my vile inventions,
 I maistly took up the attentions
 O' a' that either saw or heard me,
 For which my tutors did reward me;
 An' what ay added to my crimes,
 I put their girns an' glooms in rhymes;
 Till glad was each that I came under,
 Without a plack wi' me to sunder.
 At length I grew, that a' that kent me,
 There's nane wad tak in hand to tent me;
 So ne'er a shift was left for Jock,
 But tak the hills an' tent the flock.
 Yet how it came, I scarce can tell,
 I learnt a wee to hamp an spell;
 An' after that ay in my pocket,
 I kept some blether for to luke at;

But how I came to read a little,
 An' aim'd to write first wi' a spittle,
 Were I to give you an account,
 Y'r volume it wou'd far surmount.
 But, as for rules, my honest lad,
 I never gat, nor fought, nor had ;
 Enough for me, the neibours kens
 What e'er I sing, or say, or pens ;
 Yet, if that I may be so frank,
 Wi' you, that's in the learned rank,
 For to advise you how to act,
 The only way to blaw y'r pack ;
 Just *slightly* mention aught that's holy,
 For now-a-days its reckon'd folly,
 Among the great its a digression,
 The poor ay follow up the fashion ;
 For wha wad wear a face o' dool,
 Or kneel anent a mickle stool,
 Or mak' a moan, they watna what for,
 Or plead for gear they never swat for,
 Or grane an hour ayont a dyke ?
 It's fair enough we're neighbour like.
 Praise moral might wi' a' y'r skill,
 For maist o' men, are now M'Gill.
 Say naithing how our kirks are ringin,,
 Wi' what auld gouks ca's ballad singin'.
 Speak nought o' patronage, or priest,
 Or be not hunting at the beast ;

For if I ha' na tint my skill,
 He's meant now for a breeding bill.
 Let conscience ly an' tak' a nap,
 Fu' snug i' carnal reason's lap:
 Ye scrimp enough need mention heaven,
 Presumption's made the road fae even,
 That few need miss to enter in,
 An' wha fae ready as the blin'.
 Say nought o' hell, that hole o' irk,
 But tell some tales to gar us smirk;
 Suppose they be obseane an' bauldy,
 But say nae harm o' fo'k that's gaudy;
 Wi' some smart aiths ye'r wark ay garnish,
 It canna' ha'e a better varnish,
 To emplement y'r ready turns;
 Then ye'll be just a bairn o' *Burn's*.—
 Hypocrisy, an' guile, an' fraud,
 As now they are the beaten road,
 An' only wares that now are vended;
 Be sure ye ha'e them recommended.
 For topeing clubs, oh! let them be,
 Or Sawny lad, ye'll hamper me:
 For rather aft I handle glassees,
 An' ha'e a liking to the lassies,
 Twa fauts that's vera apt to follow,
 The pupils o' our Laird Apollo;
 As maybe thought I wadna tell,
 Ye ha'e some kenning on't yourse'l.

 TO LORD LAUDERDALE.

MY Lord, with lamentations loud,
 We view the helm of our distracted state
 Steering the vessel, bears our nation up,
 Against the rugged rocks of daring fate;
 Which seemeth at no very distant date,
 A grievous fight for Britain's sons to view;
 And to our Sov'reign, doth procure the hate
 Of all his *once* respectful, loyal crew;
 And will, while they their subtile steps pursue,
 To starve Britannia, slay her hardy swains;
 And with strong fetters bind the poor res'due,
 Which lays their offspring in perpetual chains.
 It makes the blood run chill thro' all our veins.
 Thro' Galloway each remedy we'll bring,
 Willing to try each loyal lawful means
 To save our country, and preserve our k—g.
 For him, our hearts now wears the sable weeds,
 That's so ensnared and infatuate, [deeds,
 Through men blood-stain'd, and with oppressive
 His faithful servants all, do reprobate.

POSTSCRIPT.

Excuse, my Lord, a humble bard,
 The name-fake o' your mealing;
 An' this is true, my Lord, like you,
 I ha'e an awesom' feeling.

To tell the truth, up frae my youth
 I shew'd a good intention,
 Which ha'ds me out, ye need na' doubt,
 From either place or pension.
 For now-a-days ane canna' phraise,
 An' footh, an' lie, an' sweeten;
 An' palm, an' scone, he's bit a dunce
 Among the beaus o' Britain.
 So for my sin, through thick an' thin
 I drudge, here in Kirkiner;
 And aft I think when I'm in drink,
 Shall die a harden'd sinner.

TO THE BIBLE.

COME sacred glafs, assist my muse to view
 Thy Author's hand; in every thing I see,
 Whatever way on earth I turn my face,
 Or look aloft; lo! every thing is thee.
Thou, the first cause! whom no created thought,
 Thy works can limit, or can comprehend;
 Then why should I, a mortal worm, ev'n nought,
 In fancy's flights thy majesty offend,
 By winging through immensity of space,
 Or unto seraphs provinces aspire;
 Oh! lead me up unto thy mercy's seat,
 And anchor there, my soul's sincere desire.

Enough for me to view with Sol's great light,
 Those objects ne'er appearing to my view,
 Rather than in imaginations night,
 Through phantoms vale my weary course pursue.
 Eclips'd in regions never was a path,
 In depths unfathom'd by angelic host,
 Through the dark cells of everlasting death,
 Or upon mountains where conceptions lost.
 What knoweth man of creation's vast extent,
 That scarce perceives the waving of the clouds?
 At night he views the starry firmament,
 But in the day he knows not their abodes;
 Can his ideas search the womb of time?
 Or gave he council at creation's birth?
 Can he up high in Cœlium's stories climb?
 Or search the deep foundations of the earth?
 Vain fancy's craft may waft away the mind,
 Through floods enchanted on a hope forlorn,
 In constant tempests of contrary wind,
 While conscience crys—into your port return.

AN AULD WIFE'S ADDRESS,

TO

HER TEA-POT.

Now there ye sit, wi' lug an' horn,
 My joy an' comfort, e'en, an' morn;

When wanting you, I fret, I spurn,
 I grane an' gant;
 For you, my very heart does yearn,
 An', I'm just faint.

When ye're a-back I canna' bear,
 Wi' ought I either see or hear;
 Thro' a' the days that's in the year,
 Baith dry an' wet,
 Ye are my book o' common-prayer,
 An alphabet;

An' serves me for an A, B, C;
 Thro' y'r guid sense, I sometimes spae;
 An' even on the Sabbath day,
 Ye save my shoon;
 An' me frae learning heresy,
 Frae onie loon.

An' further still, ye are a frien',
 A day, and daily magazine,
 Unto the mistress; an' the mean
 Which let us ken,
 The unremitting fates o' spleen,
 Baith butt an' ben.

An' oh! to think what elevation,
 Ye gift unto the lower station;

Wad my grán'-mam' a vifitation,
 Come back an' pay;
 She wad think us some new creation,
 O' different clay.
 She might remind some fells an' craigs,
 Likewise the shape o' men, an' naigs,
 But wadna deem the Jeans, an' Megs,
 Now—mistress—madam,
 Did spring out o' the cocked eggs,
 O' Eve, by Adam.

**THE
 TELEGRAPH INVERTED.**

A'E day, short fyne, Sir, by the bye
 Y'ur Telegraph came i' my way,
 Whilk made me blythe, ay fidgein' fain;
 An' whan I gat it by my lane
 I rais'd it up to tak' a view,
 Just i' the end ye looker thro';
 But a' appeared dark as night,
 Thinks I, I'm certainly no right.

But, just a'maist like to a stoon,
 A thought there enter'd i' my crown;

As I'm mysel, an' nane do ken,
 Gude faith I'll try the tither en';
 So like a stiek I turn'd it o'er,
 An' in an instant gie a glour,
 Then saw a fight maist set me sweetin' !
 I saw our twa-fac'd foes in Britain.

O' every age, an' a' dimenstions,
 That had ill-gotten posts an' pensions,
 An' a' their dupes an' black attendants,
 That upo' them were yet dependants ;
 Far plainer, faith, than ere ye saw
 The things that were sae far awa' ;
 A fearfu' fight ! ay growin bigger,
 An' ilk' had i' his han' a dagger.

As sharp as ony lance each en' o't,
 Altho' the twa-part didna' ken o't,
 Nor didna' ken what fetcht them there,
 But just like dogs ga'en to a fair ;
 Or rinnin' out to bark an' blether
 Wi' complaisance, to ane anither :
 But sae it was, upo' a height,
 They made a very numerous fight,

Just terrible to consternation !
 Because, the ruin o' the nation
 Was i' the e'e o' them did lead 'em,
 An' ablins now an' then did feed 'em ;

Or sometimes aft the fly deceiver,
Sae fill their fancy wi' a p'laver ;
An', Sir, wi' complaisance to you,
Y'r glafs it gae, me sic a view,

As had ye seen, I mak' fae free,
To fay, ye ne'r wad fet your e'e,
Unto the en' ye us'd the time
That vague ill-temper tun'd your Rhyme.
An' first an' foremost, I'll attempt
To show a wee glance o' the Camp,
In which ye 'pear to be a vet'ran,
Or mean at least y'r patron.

I saw them plain, an' was fae near,
That I their sentiments cou'd hear,
Just when they were right busy harkin'
Lamentable for to be clarkin',
Ambition rode a big ston'd horse,
An' on his curpen, mony a curse
O' widow's weans, an' bodies gauntin'
Wi' thirst an' hunger, baith were faintin'.

Even o' them wha loud did cheer him,
Whom ignorance had taught to fear him.
Commerce lay pantin' on the grass,
Wi' a' the symptoms o' distress,
An' beggin' him a wee to slack,
Or else that he wad break her back ;

But, how think ye, he took to ease her,
Just made anither screw to squeeze her.

Bauldly he strutted, an' he strode,
Just barken'd to the knees in blood,
An' didna' stop at ony weather,
For mind ye, lucre was his father.
His mither's name was Cent per Cent,
As big a wh—e as ere was kent,
For ony ane was welcome till her,
If she cou'd get the penny filler.

His daddy wada, lain beside her,
An' lettin ony ither r—e her,
Without the smallest hesitation,
For to support black dissipation.
Oppression next, wi' iron wan',
The twa were 'greed, to fa' or stan';
Their int'rest's were in h—l connecket,
An' neither o' the twa wad brak it.

His visage min'd me o' a rock,
An' at humanity did mock,
While roun' about he dealt destruction,
An' claim'd the law for his protection;
Besides he used a secon' means,
Which made our magistrates the frien's
O' this most dire infernal tiger,
Because he helpit them to swagger.

An' has thro' kintra' town, an' city,
Now broken baith the legs o' pity;
An' further, for to show his spleen,
Has near han' clay'd up baith his e'en;
Sae wanlit like, held in disgrace,
The creature scarce can show his face,
Yet i' the court, he aften cries
Sae loud, that it might reach the skies.

But there they dounna thole his din,
So drive him out aft' three to ane;
As some poor waff detested scunner,
For t——y their badge of honour,
Has short syne broken aff the string,
An' stupid bodies blame our king;
As he had mair than mortal skill,
To gar us a' obey his will.

Without the candid observation,
He's but a servant in his station;
For me, I pray, an' move my cafter
May God preserve my gude auld master,
Till he arrive at ninety-seven,
An' when he dies to grant him heaven;
Likewise a speedy reformation,
To a' his subjects i' their station.

For every honest feelin's wounded,
To see the way his wisdom's wounded,

Wi' men, thro' daft infatuation,
 Have brought a hungry humil'ation
 On Britain's Isle, an' a' whar she
 Had ony claim, by lan' or sea,
 An' now ha'e warp'd her in a net,
 O' f——y, an' shame, an' debt.

For forty years for to be fanked,
 An' ye, my lad yerfel ha'e ranked,
 Amang the herd that had the blame o't,
 I wonder that I think na shame o't;
 If ye war drunk, Sir, pray confels,
 For mony a time out o'er a glafs,
 A body's guilty o' sic error,
 That mak's them to themsel's a terror.

Strange fights ye saw, ay most uncommon;
 Dear Sir, ye min' me o' a woman,
 Wi' reavin' fits, wi' amor touch't,
 Or may be, Sir, ye were bewitch't
 Wi' some unchancy cantrip spell,
 When ye saw a' the way to hell;
 Sir, saw ye there the rooms a' dightin',
 An' a' the furniture a' rightin',

In gude repair, for the reception
 O' our great agents o' c——n;
 An' what like tea-pots, cups, an' faucers,
 Is for our c——t coalescers;

Wi' what like stools about the fire,
For drudges that they ha'e on hire ;
Ken ye, what fize their pantries measure,
For wasters o' our blood an' treasure !

A man like you, a master-piece
O' art an' sense, when in a place,
Wadna come hame, but glowran weel ;
O dear Sir, spak' ye wi' the deil :
I wadna strange't as I'm a sinner,
Tho' he had gart ye wait on dinner,
An' after that a hearty boose ;
For sure enough to hear the news

Ye had to tell, wad gar him keckle,
How now wi' screw, an' bolt, an' shackle,
A' was secur'd, baith age an' youth,
Han's an' feet, ay an' the mouth ;
O' a' fauls that firmly stood
For civil rights, an' human good.
Nae doubt amang your conversation,
Ye didna' mak' a hesitation,

To tell him for to get repairs,
Thro' a' the house, on stools, an' chairs,
An' tables, shelves, an' nice new platter ;
Wi' cellars stor'd wi' stuff that's better ;
Punch bowls, tankar's', water boilin',
For men sae lang that ha'e been toilin' ;

Till wearied out, an' unco breathless,
An' for the flounqueys o' the faithless;

A part o' which my brither bard,
Ye will expect as a reward,
An' there is little doubt about it,
That ony seek to wrang ye out o't:
Just for a good sufficient reason,
That Mi——ry wad mak' it treason,
An' gar us rin like sheep or stots,
By a majority o' votes.

An' for the men whom ye do mention,
That might gang there an' saw dissention;
Its just a mock to help your jingle,
For not a nose nearhan' the ingle
They'll dare to set, thro' a' the year,
No, L——e, altho' a peer;
Or ony ither wee or big,
Wha has the title o' a whig.

But, Sir, no' meanin' an affront,
I wonner that ye war fae blunt,
As to tak' on sic fair fatigue,
Sae far awa', ay mony a league,
An' deeper than frae here to Moffat,
Ye ta'k as ye had been i' Tophet,
An' yet come hame like ony youth,
Just wi' y'r finger i' y'r mouth.

I'm free to fay't, whae'er kent ye,
 They had but little wit that sent ye,
 To gang fae far an' see fae little,
 Y'r tale is hardly worth a spittle ;
 A man like you far seen i' letters,
 Aft' doing bus'ness for y'r betters,
 An' wad a' thought when commin' back,
 Weel worth a gill to hear y'r crack.

An' cou'd a tauld them right prequeerly,
 How fo'k's employ'd there late an' early,
 What fort o' houses, an how theeket,
 An' if disdain the door has steeket
 'Gainst human woe by power an' might,
 An' clergy swear by G—d it's right !
 What value there they set on beauty,
 An' if they ha'e kept of the duty

O' brothels there, for solvent cause,
 To save the men wha mak' the laws ;
 How fraud an' guile there had their health,
 An' if by help o' legal stealth,
 Their magistracy meets the meal-pock,
 An' saving knowledge says they're leel fo'k.

Not meaning further for to teaze ye,
 I on my hono'r here advise ye,
 'Afore ye tak' a side that's wrong,
 To just sit down and bite your tongue.

VICTORY.

REJOICE now ye loyals ;—republicans tremble !
 Your liberty trees, all their branches must humble.
 Away with your ribblie, clubs, and conventions,
 Your hand-bills, and libels, for sowing dissentions ;
 No more of your muttering over your gills,
 With sour detestation, respecting the bills ;
 They're past, and your hopes are totally stranded,
 While just to distress you, Sir S——y's landed
 Without molestation, tho' long time they dar'd us,
 And ev'n has got a possession in Paris.
 When public vice, now rampant, gets a check,
 Some better days we Britons may expect.
 But not while we do walk the path that's wide,
 And conscience scorns, or reason for our guide.

ON THE

BLOOD HOUNDS.

FOR saving blood, and likewise tax,
 By the authority of Rex,
 There's twenty thousand dogs this year,
 That's wanted each as volunteer,

To serve the king, and to support
 The honour of our humane court;
 For why should it be ever said?
 A pup in Spain that yet was bred
 Should bear the laurels? No, no, no,
 Our dogs brought to the field will show
 True British blood, grayhound and bull,
 When on each collar's marked Will;
 Even slow-hound, pointer, tarrier, colley,
 At hearing of the name, dear Willy,
 Will rouse like furies ev'ry kind,
 Upon the Maese, and on the Rhyne,
 And tear yon' libertines afunder;
 Strange! strange to think! almost a wonder:
 Our privy-council so intense
 On saving, would been at expence
 For to employ a foreign aid,
 If that his G—e will only lead
 Our currs, I'll lay my whole estate,
 They'll only run when they are beat.

ON WOMEN'S WIT.

THAT women's wife, man needna' doubt,
 Or seek the least assertion;
 For never yet in a dispute,
 In earnest or diversion,
 I ever kent them beaten out,
 Which lang I ha'e remarkit,

An' him the victor's horn can toot,
 I wish that he wad clark it.
 An' if he print it in a book,
 He needna fash to cry them,
 Because to learn the way he took,
 There's mony a ane wad buy them.

On Seeing a Young Man Dying.

COME see the youth going to join the dead;
 In fore distress now laying on the bed;
 The lively bloom quite blasted in his cheeks,
 In a few days, amounting not to weeks.
 Hear, how he moans, see how he tosses, shifts,
 His breast keeps pace with unremitting lifts;
 With meagre looks and eyes that do command,
 Some feeling friend to stretch the helping hand,
 With a relief the awful stroke to veir,
 Of sudden death, who standeth with his spear
 Already drawn, but none doth mark his ire,
 Excepting him there rolling in the fire,
 Of sore affliction, trembling every limb,
 And marks the dart, is aimed straight at him
 But no evading, see he lays him low,
 And we must follow, when we do not know.

CONCLUSION.

FRIEN's if that life, an' health, an' senses,
 Attend me bearing consequences,
 The neast time that I come athart ye,
 Ye's get a storey will divert ye.
 Here's Edinbrough, an' the Grass-markit,
 The vera place in which I clarkit;
 I'll shew ye it, likewise the Castle,
 An' a' the city in a bustle,
 Some gan' this way, some gan' that way,
 Some like me they ken'na' what way,
 Some wi' words without e'en spelling,
 Are cryin' things they ha'e for felling;
 An' strange it is, but vera true,
 The maist o' houses a' are fu'
 Wi' gear they ha'e to sell for money,
 An' O! but lasses here are bonny,
 Wi' braws fae buskit, as they're rinnin',
 Ane scarcely can keep free o' finnin';
 For me, I wish I may be tentit
 Till Robertson my book has prentit;
 But ere they're done, as I'm a finner,
 Suppose it shou'dna' mak' my dinner,
 I'll gi'e the faucy loon a whiskin,
 Wha' ran the rigs fae fair on Erskine;

An' tho' I never learnt a grammar,
If I come on wi' my sledge hammer,
I'll ding the powder aff his wig,
An' show him Lauderdale's a whig.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE want o' frien's, the want o' means,
Mak's monie a birkie fail,
And aft to stand wi' hat in hand,
Like me, poor Lauderdale.
But thanks to fate, though we be blate,
For want o' gear that glents,
Dame nature fair, can ride on lear',
An' laugh at cent per cents.

6 MA 50

THE END.

